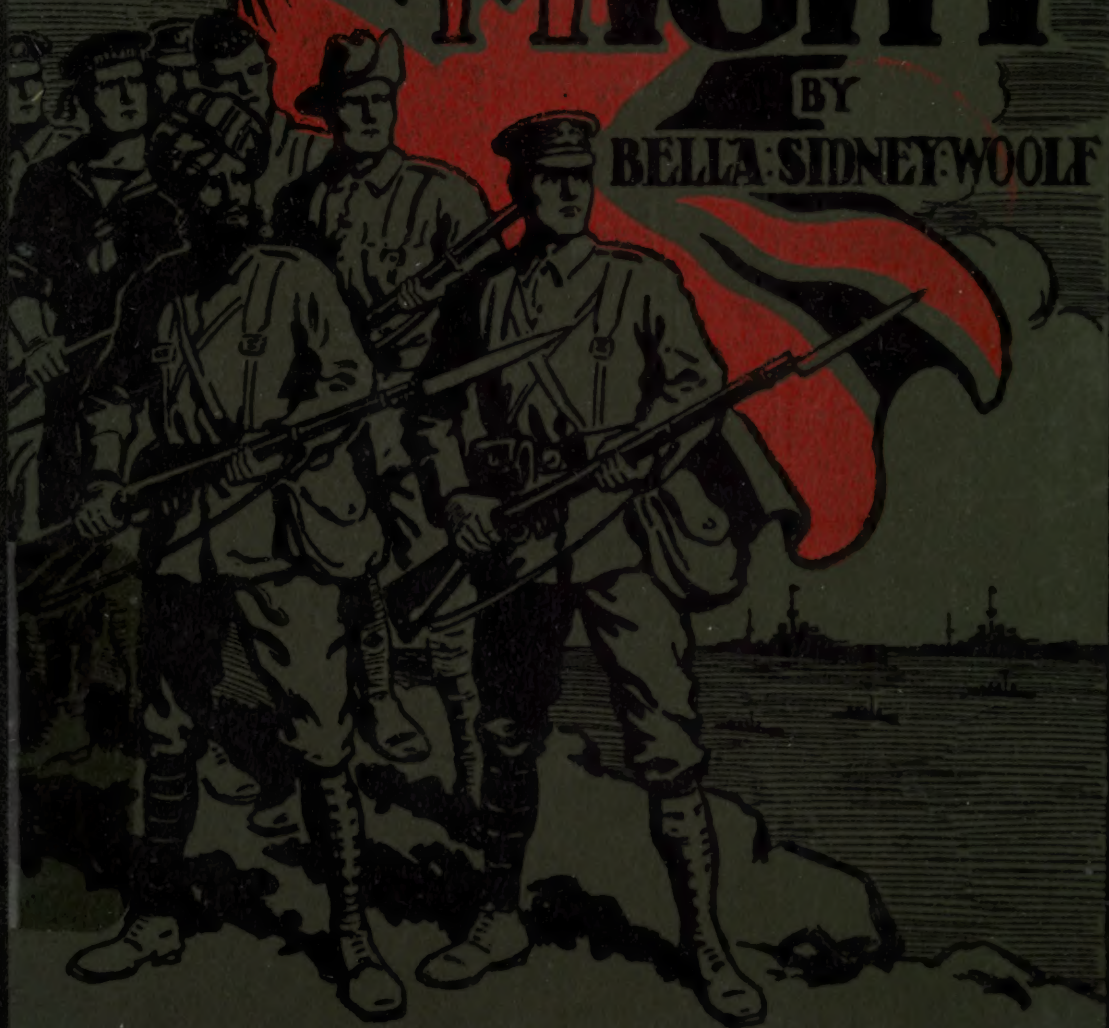


RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT

BY
BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF



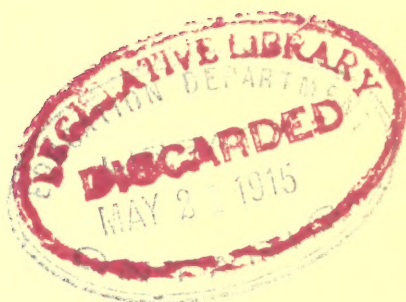
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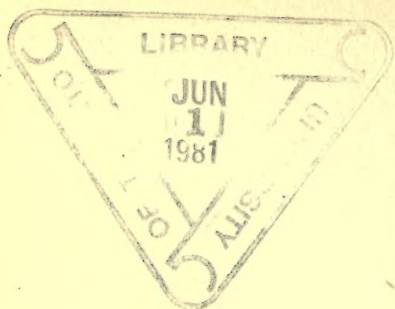




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RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.



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LONDON AGENTS:-
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Right against Might

The Great War of 1914.

BY

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF

(Mrs. R. H. LOCK).

"Had I stood aside . . . I should have
sacrificed My Honour and given to destruction the
liberties of My Empire and of Mankind."

KING GEORGE V.

CAMBRIDGE

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD.

1914



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To the Glorious and Undying Memory
of those who gave up their lives
for their Country in the
Great Struggle of
Right against
Might.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

This little book does not set out to be a history of the war. It intends to convey some impressions of certain outstanding phases of what we may rightly call The Great Crusade of 1914. The steps that led up to the war have been given in order to recall them briefly to the memory of the reader. Footnotes explaining certain terms are given for the benefit of children who may read the book.

Cordial acknowledgments are due to the Editor of the *Walsall Observer and South Staffordshire Chronicle* for kindly permitting the re-publication in this book of certain matter which has already appeared in his paper.

"The League of the Empire" has shown particular interest in "Right against Might," and information about this admirable organization—which has done so much to link up the Empire—will be found at the end of the book.

B. L.

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ERRATA.

Photo facing p. 32, *for* "Birmingham Daily News,"
read "Birmingham Daily Mail."

Photo Lord Roberts, *for* "Central News," *read*
"London Electrotpe Agency."

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Photo)

SIR EDWARD GREY.

London: 1914

RULERS OF THE COUNTRIES AT WAR.

Great Britain	-	-	-	-	-	KING GEORGE V.
Russia	-	-	-	-	-	TSAR NICHOLAS II.
France	-	-	-	-	-	PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.
Belgium	-	-	-	-	-	KING ALBERT.
Japan	-	-	-	-	-	EMPEROR YOSHIHITO.
Portugal	-	-	-	-	-	PRESIDENT MANOEL D'ARRIAGA.
Serbia	-	-	-	-	-	KING PETER.
Montenegro	-	-	-	-	-	KING NICHOLAS.

Against

Germany	-	-	-	-	-	KAISER WILHELM II.
Austria-Hungary	-	-	-	-	-	EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.
Turkey	-	-	-	-	-	SULTAN MEHMED V.

Triple Alliance	-	-	-	-	-	GERMANY, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, and ITALY.*
Dual Alliance	-	-	-	-	-	RUSSIA and FRANCE.
Dual Alliance	-	-	-	-	-	GREAT BRITAIN and JAPAN.
Triple Entente	-	-	-	-	-	GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, and FRANCE.

* Italy did not take an active part on the outbreak of war, because the Triple Alliance is *defensive*, and she was not bound to join in unless Germany or Austria were attacked. In this case Austria attacked Serbia, Germany attacked Russia, France and Belgium.

THE STEPS THAT LED "RIGHT" TO DECLARE WAR UPON "MIGHT."

- I. *June 23rd, 1914.*—The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, nephew to the Emperor of Austria and heir to the throne, together with his wife the Duchess of Hohenberg, were fired at and killed, while driving through the streets of Sarajevo in Bosnia, where they had gone to attend army manœuvres.
- II. This murder was ascribed to Serbs, and was supposed to be the climax of the bad feeling that has existed for generations between the Serbians and the Austrians.*
- III. Austria declared that Serbia was plotting against her, and said she must pay heavily for the murder. On *July 23rd* Austria sent an ultimatum to Serbia demanding that she should make sweeping reforms and stamp out everything unfriendly to Austria. No

* For the benefit of young readers it may be explained that the Austrians, who are Teutons—that is the same race as the Germans—annexed in 1908 two provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, adjoining Serbia, and chiefly inhabited by Slavs—the same race as the Serbs. The *Slavonic* race includes the Russians, most of the Christian people of the Balkan Peninsula, and the Poles. The Serbians wished to form one state with Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they were very angry when Austria annexed the two provinces. War was narrowly avoided, and the anger of the Serbs smouldered on.

STEPS THAT LED TO WAR.

one believed that Serbia could or would agree to all that Austria demanded. Austria gave Serbia 48 hours in which to reply.

- IV. Great alarm ensued throughout Europe, for Serbia, as Mr. Lloyd George put it, is Russia's "little brother." If Serbia were attacked, Russia could not stand by; and if Russia fell in, France, her ally, could not stand out.
- V. During the 48 hours granted by Austria to Serbia for a reply, Sir Edward Grey (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) endeavoured to secure peace. He urged Austria to give Serbia more time. He asked Germany, France, Russia and Italy to work for peace. All agreed heartily *except Germany*.
- VI. On *Saturday, July 25th*, came a great surprise. Serbia agreed to most of Austria's demands, and offered to submit to arbitration if Austria were not satisfied with her answer.
- VII. Austria replied that Serbia's answer was unsatisfactory, and she was only pretending to give in. It is now clearly shown that Austria meant war all the time, and that *she was egged on by Germany*. On *July 28th* Austria declared war on Serbia.
- VIII. Still Sir Edward Grey strove for peace. He suggested that the German, Italian and French Ambassadors should meet him in London and discuss the situation. France and Italy agreed. Germany did not like the idea. Sir Edward

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

Grey asked Germany to suggest something else, anything if she would only "press the button for peace."

- IX. On *July 29th* the answer came from Berlin at midnight, a telegram from Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador at Berlin. The German Chancellor had asked Sir Edward Goschen if England would remain "neutral"* in a war if Germany did not touch Holland or take anything from France but her Colonies. He also said that Germany could not promise not to invade Belgium, but if Belgium just "remained passive" no land would be taken from her.
- X. The meaning of this was clear. Germany's "short cut," if she wished to attack France, was through Belgium—the French side was strongly fortified. Germany expected no resistance from a small country like Belgium.
- XI. The mere suggestion was criminal, for after Waterloo all the great Powers (including Germany of course) guaranteed that Belgium should remain neutral.† This promise was repeated during the Franco-German War in

* Take neither one side nor the other.

† A neutral country must not only remain outside any war that is going on, but it must not allow an army to march through in order to attack another country.

STEPS THAT LED TO WAR.

1870. Never again was Belgium to be the "cock-pit"* of Europe.

- XII. Germany's suggestion came at a moment when the French Fleet was in the Mediterranean. The north of France was exposed to any enemy. We had a friendly understanding with France. Germany wanted to know if we would stand by our friend.
- XIII. The only answer to Germany's question as to whether we would remain neutral if France were attacked was "No." Yet still Sir Edward Grey tried to bring about peace. It was hardly to be believed that Germany would dare to carry out her suggestion.
- XIV. On *July 31st* Sir Edward Grey as a last resort asked Germany and France to repeat their promise of 1870 that Belgium should remain neutral. He asked Belgium to promise that she would not allow any army to march through her land for the purpose of attacking another country. France promised. Belgium promised. Germany was silent. Everyone knew then that Germany meant "War."
- XV. On *July 31st*, at the eleventh hour, Austria suddenly agreed to give Serbia more time to discuss everything with her.

* A cock-pit was the place in which the cruel sport of cock-fighting took place. Belgium has been called the cock-pit of Europe because time and again different nations have fought out their quarrels on her land. A glance at the map will show the unfortunate position of Belgium in this respect.

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

- XVI. It was too late. Germany was bent on war, and on the same day—*July 31st*—she sent an ultimatum to Russia, saying that all preparations for mobilization* must cease in 12 hours.
- XVII. Germany was already mobilizing rapidly, although no public proclamation had been made, so the demand was preposterous. Russia gave no reply. On *August 1st* Germany declared war on Russia.
- XVIII. On *August 2nd* Germany marched into Luxemburg—a small state on the border of Belgium, which all the Powers had declared to be neutral.
- XIX. Germany asked Belgium if she would give German troops a free passage through Belgium—otherwise Germany would force a way.
- XX. Belgium refused, and King Albert appealed to Great Britain to stand by him.
- XXI. Our time to act had come. On *August 4th* Great Britain declared that she would help Russia and France to defend Belgium.
- XXII. On *August 4th* Germany invaded Belgium. The gallant little country had to face the great German Army alone until the Allies could come to her help.
- XXIII. At 11 p.m. on *August 4th, 1914*, Great Britain declared war on Germany.

* Moving of troops in readiness for war.



A SCRAP OF PAPER.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

"What would have been our condition as a nation to-day if we had been base enough to be false to our word or faithless to our friends?"

Mr. ASQUITH at the Guildhall.

"We strove for peace by all means till the last moment, but when in spite of our efforts war came, we could not stand aside . . . we are fighting, as the Prime Minister said, for Right against Might."

Mr. BONAR LAW at the Guildhall.

THE fourth of August, 1914, is an outstanding date in history: the date on which Great Britain declared war on Germany.

On that very day our Ambassador at Berlin (Sir Edward Goschen) called on the German Chancellor and found him in a state of great excitement because Great Britain had declared war. When our Ambassador pointed out that we had promised Belgium to protect her, and could not break our word, the Chancellor said that "the step taken by his Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree—just for a word 'neutrality,' a word which in war time had often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to war with Germany."

"Just for a scrap of paper"—this will go down to history as one of the most dishonourable sayings that have ever been heard.

"Just for a scrap of paper"—just for the document on which our promise to Belgium was written. But to us it was not just a scrap of paper. It stood for Honour and Faith and Truth.

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

The Germans said: "It is dangerous for us to keep our promise; if we do not hurry into France we may lose the day."

The Belgians said: "We know it will be dangerous to keep our promise, but we are going to risk anything sooner than break our word."

Great Britain said: "Honour comes before everything—a promise must not be broken because it may cost us dear."

There are certain things men are ready to die for, and one of them is their word of honour. As Mr. Asquith finely said, he "would rather see this country of ours blotted out of the page of history" than stand by and watch Belgium crushed by Germany.

So that is why we are at war to-day. Thousands of brave men are giving up their lives, fighting to defend their homes, their wives and their children. It is all for "a scrap of paper." But on it was written the good name of our country. Moreover, "it is for that scrap of paper that Belgian soldiers have fought and died, that the Belgian people, for what they have done and what they have endured, have won for themselves immortal fame. It is for that scrap of paper and all that it means that we have already watered with the blood of our sons the fair fields of France, and for it we shall conquer or perish."*

* Mr. Bonar Law at the Guildhall.



Photo]

FRENCH CAVALRY AT MONTMORT.

[Central News



Photo]

[Central News

LORD KITCHENER GREETES INDIAN TROOPS.

"ALL I POSSESS."

"ALL I POSSESS."

"Not one step can be made without the Torch of Truth."

AKBAR THE GREAT.

"Had I stood aside . . . I should have sacrificed My Honour, and given to destruction the liberties of My Empire and of Mankind."

KING GEORGE V.

AS soon as the world knew that Great Britain had gone to war, as soon as the news had travelled to every part of our Empire, there came to us the most wonderful message out of the East—a message that we could not read without a catch in our throats, especially those of us who had lived there and understood all that it meant. India, her Princes and her people, unasked, cried out to us: "We will stand by you; all we possess is yours, to help you in your just cause."

When you look at India on the map you cannot possibly realise the vast territories, the wealth, the different races of people, and religions that lie within her borders. It is a world in itself. Few of us realize that there are over 435 million souls in the British Empire, and 315 million of them dwell in India. Too often those who have never been East have an idea that we Western people are in every way superior, more civilized as we call it, than those of the East. You have only to go East with your eyes open to find out your mistake. In many ways we have taught the East; in many ways she has taught us. Remember

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

that hundreds of years before we, as a nation, had begun to exist, the people and princes of India were building up mighty temples, were writing marvellous poems, were making wonderful laws. Naturally, among them there was cruelty and barbarism and war; but, after all, here is the very same thing tearing Europe in pieces to-day. The Germans burnt the beautiful Belgian city of Louvain; burnt its Library and its University, famous for hundreds of years; destroyed Malines Cathedral and its wonderful art treasures. Where is their boasted civilisation?

The words that head these pages are the sayings of two kings—one, Akbar the Great, who ruled in India when Queen Elizabeth sat on the English throne; the other, our own King George V. I have not time or space here to dwell upon the wonders of Akbar, but his whole aim in life was the establishment of peace and order in his Empire. There were to be no distinctions of race or religion; in fact, he sought all his life to walk by the Light of the Torch of Truth. His famous prayer, read by himself at the Great Mosque of Fatehpur-Sikri, is the key to Akbar's life:—

“Lo: from Almighty God I take my kingship. Before His throne I bow and take my judgeship. Take Strength from Strength and Wisdom from His Wiseness, Right from the Right, and Justice from His Justice. Praising the King, I praise God near and far. Great is His Power. Allah-hû-Akbar.”*

* *India Through the Ages.* Flora Annie Steel.

"ALL I POSSESS."

Now, observe the difference between this king of nearly four hundred years ago and the German Kaiser. The Kaiser is always confident that God is his ally: but instead of proving his boast by establishing peace on earth, goodwill to men, he has raised fire and sword throughout Europe, and tens of thousands of men lie dead and dying through his act to-day. Germany bade us regard our promises, our honour, our pledges, as "a scrap of paper." Akbar said, "Not one step can be made without the Torch of Truth."

And to-day King George says the same. When Belgium called on us to keep our promise, and France, our neighbour and friend, was in the gravest danger, we stood by them. "Had I stood aside," says the King in his message to the Dominions, "I should have sacrificed My Honour, and given to destruction the liberties of My Empire and of Mankind."

They are fine words, and the spirit that moved them has brought to our side in the life-and-death struggle all the princes and people of India. Of late years there have no doubt been discontents in that great Empire. But how is it possible to rule so vast a territory without mistakes? No doubt the German people thought our hold on the loyalty of India was slackening. Some years ago the Crown Prince came out to India and was royally entertained. He cast an envious eye on our wonderful Eastern Empire, drank in all rumours of discontent and hoped some day to make India his. But behold! the greatest war in history began. England, like the great

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

Akbar, sought to walk by the "Torch of Truth," and all India was at her side. Everyone forgot his grievance; every prince, every caste, every creed, rallied round the country that has through long years done her best in a difficult task. There are many among us who could not read for tears the tale of all that India is giving us. Think of it: they are leaving their sunny land, princes and people alike, to fight side by side with us through the cold and hardship of our winter. India is sending 70,000 men, horse, foot and artillery—British and Indian, Rajput and Gurkha, and Sikh and Pathan, marvellous soldiers all of them, fighters through generations. Seven hundred princes and chiefs of India have put all they have, men and money, at the disposal of the King. Many of the princes are coming in person. At the head we must place Sir Pertab Singh, Regent of Jodhpur. He is seventy years old, and he brings with him to the battlefield his nephew, the Maharajah, who is only 16 years old. Sir Pertab vowed he would never die in his bed. Here, in truth, is the spirit of which heroes are made. All honour to the fearless prince of seventy years—an age when most folk look for rest and peace after the toil and trouble of life.

The Maharajah of Mysore has given 50 lakhs of rupees, that is £300,000, to help the Government to maintain the forces that India has sent and is sending to fight for us. And from other princes and leagues and associations and cities come offers of thousands and thousands of pounds, camel corps, a hospital ship

FROM THE PURPLE EAST.



THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS
most of whose Members have gone to the front.



Photos]

AN INDIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT.

[Central News



Photo]

AFRICANS FIGHTING FOR FRANCE.

[Central News

"ALL I POSSESS."

called the "Loyalty," thousands of horses, a field hospital—these are some of the gifts that India is pouring into our hands.

The Aga Khan, proudest of princes, the head of sixty million Mohammedans, has offered to serve as a private in defence of our country.

The Maharajah of Rewa offers his troops, his treasury, even his personal jewels, and none who have not seen them can imagine the glory of the jewels of the princes of India. They are like the treasures of Aladdin's Cave. The Rajah of Pudukota offered to the King-Emperor:—"All I possess." Your blood must tingle at the thought of it, at the splendid spirit of it all. Even the poorer women of India are ready to sell their jewels, all they possess in good truth, for in India women buy jewellery with their small savings. They look upon it as insurance. They have never sold their jewels except in times when their honour or their religion was in danger. They feel to-day that Great Britain who has done so much to help Indian women is in danger—and they must stand by her. Even from beyond the borders of India, from far Nepal and from Tibet, comes aid for England. The Dallai Lama (the High Priest) of Tibet has offered 1,000 Tibetan troops for service under the British Government, and "His Holiness states that Lamas innumerable throughout the length and breadth of Tibet are offering prayers for success of the British Army and for happiness of the souls of all victims of war."

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

There are no words for the wonder of it all. Think of those far-off priests, to whom England itself is unknown, praying, amidst the snows, for the success of our Army and the souls of our dead.

As one reads the tale of all that India is giving there comes a poignant longing for the palm trees and the beating of the tom-toms, and the brown people in their gay garments, with ear-rings and nose-rings and anklets, walking on noiseless, bare feet along the sunny Eastern roads. Such longing comes always to those who have lived under Eastern skies. Think what it means to those dwellers in sunshine to cross seven thousand miles of sea and fight for us. "Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend." This is the deed of the princes and the people of India.



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler, Folkestone
"THE STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES."
Belgian Refugees arrive at Folkestone.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?

LORD MACAULAY.

And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is there profit small—
These things shall vanish all.
The City of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WE all realize what "Home" means—one of the dearest of all words—"a shadow in a weary land," as the poet said. We know the cosy feeling of it—the rooms in which everything is dear and familiar, the curtains drawn on winter evenings, the warmth and glow of it, the books ranged in the well-known places, the firelight dancing on the walls.

Amongst us at the present moment there are thousands of men, women and children who have had to leave all this. They have had to fly from everything they held dear and trudge away into an unknown land—into the dark and the cheerlessness—till kindly Dutch or English welcomed them. Never again will they find the old homes, the things they loved—all, all are gone. Their houses are destroyed by fire and shell, many of their dear ones are dead. This is the fate of the people of Belgium.

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

And what had these people done? "What was their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian king."*

That was all. They were quiet, peaceful people, living happily in their homes in their tranquil land, under the shadow of their great churches and belfries which rang the passing hours with silver-sweet bells.

Till Germany cried:—

"Let us through!"

Germany cruel and savage, thirsting to reach France—to destroy her—and then to destroy us.

But Belgium would not betray her friends; she barred the way. Germany thought that with one blow she could sweep the little Belgian Army out of the way. She was mistaken.

General Leman—whose name is now among the heroes of all time—held the forts at Liège against the German Army. Most gallantly were those forts held, until the Germans brought against them their huge siege guns. No fort on earth can stand against them. They blew up Fort Loncin, containing the brave General and his men. General Leman lay pinned beneath the ruins. "Respect the General. He is dead," said a German officer.

But he was not dead. He was only unconscious and wounded. When he came to himself, he said:—

"It is as it is. The men fought valiantly. Put in your despatches that I was unconscious."

* Mr. Lloyd George.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

When they brought him before the German General, General Leman offered his sword, as a conquered soldier is bound to do. But the German General said:—

“No, keep your sword. To have crossed swords with you has been an honour.”

It was a fine ending to a fine story.

And few can read without a tear the letter written to the King of the Belgians by General Leman before he was borne away to Germany—a prisoner. We can guess how that stout heart chafes in captivity.

Thus wrote the General:—

“I am convinced that the honour of our arms has been sustained. I have not surrendered either the fortress or the forts. Deign, Sire, to pardon any defects in this letter. I am physically shattered by the explosion of Loncin. In Germany, whither I am proceeding, my thoughts will be, as they have ever been, of Belgium and the King. I would willingly have given my life the better to serve them, but death was denied me.”

After the fall of Liège, the Germans by degrees overran Belgium. They burnt the ancient and beautiful town of Louvain, the great University of Belgium, they destroyed Malines and its famous Cathedral—they took possession of Brussels, the capital of Belgium—they dropped bombs on the sleeping city of Antwerp, hoping to kill the Royal Family, but succeeding only in killing a few poor citizens—and at last they bombarded Antwerp, the great Port of Belgium—and took it. Everywhere the Belgians fought bravely, desperately, for hearth and home. We owe them a

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

great debt. They held up the German Army; by their splendid defiance the Belgians gave us time—gave France time to prepare.

Meanwhile, as one town after the other fell into the hands of the Germans, the unhappy people fled—fled along the long tree-bordered roads from the terror of it all, the bursting shells, the deafening roar of the guns, the fires that rose from peaceful farms and villages, the terrible German soldiers that came clattering down the roads to kill and destroy.

People seized anything that lay ready to their hands. They streamed along the roads to Holland and to the coast carrying bundles in their hands, just a few poor things saved from the home, some with baskets of food, others with a pet bird in a cage. There were hundreds of children trudging along with their parents, on and on through the night and the drenching rain. Cold and wet, on and on they plodded—many of them crying—some fell by the wayside, too weary to put one foot before the other.

Then for those who came at last to the sea coast there was the waiting for a boat, the terrible crush to get on board. Two thousand were packed on a boat that usually carried seven hundred. And at last England—kind faces and voices to welcome them, and food and rest, and flowers, and loving arms held out to the children—the tired, hungry, weeping children.

And here they are in our midst. Nothing that we can do is enough to make up to the Belgians for all they have lost, for all they have gone through. One



Photo]

IN THE TRACK OF THE GERMANS.
Ruins of Termonde.

[Central News

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

can understand, in some degree, how much they have suffered, when one speaks to them. It has been my good fortune to speak Flemish, and from the people themselves their stories have been heard. It has been good to see their happiness at hearing their own tongue. They crowded round, half weeping, half smiling. Imagine what it means to pour out to a stranger all the sorrow that is in your heart.

One story that moved me deeply was told by a grey-haired elderly man—a locksmith from Mechlin (Malines). It was perhaps his way of telling it that made it linger in one's mind, for every story was so full of sadness. He described to me the bombardment of his beloved town—the terror of the shells, the destruction of the beautiful Cathedral. He and his family fled on foot by night, protected by Belgian soldiers, to Antwerp. His wife and his daughter and his little grandson of six had escaped too, but of his two sons fighting in the Belgian Army he had heard nothing. As he spoke he began to sob, and one could hardly bear to hear it. It was too dreadful to think of these people driven forth from their happy little home into the night amidst the horror of shot and shell, their house in ruins, themselves penniless, their family scattered, some of them in mortal danger. If it made one so unhappy only to hear of it, what must the actual experience be?

And when the locksmith paused to recover himself, his wife, a pleasant elderly woman, bareheaded and wearing a shawl as the Flemish women of the lower classes do, said:

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

"But how thankful we are to be here, where everyone is so kind, and we are so comfortable."

There was a chorus of "Yes, yes," from all around.

And then another man took up the story. He lived in Antwerp, and he told of the coming of the airship by night and the bombs dropped on the sleeping people. Then his beloved city was bombarded, and he fled. Whole families took refuge on logs floating in the river, on lifebuoys, anything to escape from the rain of shells. He and his two children escaped. His wife was dead.

There are thousands and thousands of these sad stories. Among the refugees stand out a family that had a beautiful house and gardens in Belgium. With them was a little boy of two, with golden curls all over his head. His real name was Jules, but they called him "Coco." He and his mother and grandparents had fled by night to Ostend. His father was an officer in the Belgian Army, fighting for his country. Luckily, "Coco" did not understand what had happened, but when he saw one of our splendid big policemen, he cried "Papa, papa!" He did not know the difference between uniforms. Very sad were "Coco's" mother and old grandparents, but "Coco" himself was happy for he was no longer tired and cold, and someone had given him chocolates. Let us hope by the time he is old enough to understand, happier days may have come for his country.

There is a Belgian soldier in my mind—a soldier of the Line. He was a policeman in Antwerp before

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

the war broke out. Now he is in hospital in England, broken in mind and body by all he has gone through. He saw his companions, who had fallen out by the way too weary to march, murdered in cold blood by the Germans. He was taken prisoner, but escaped, and was taken to hospital. Again he had to escape, with hardly any clothing. At last he reached England, and was taken to a hospital there. He tried to take his own life, so great was his misery. He has lost all trace of his young wife, his widowed mother, his grandfather, and his seven brothers and sisters, to whom he was a guardian and adviser. Letters in Flemish from a sympathiser in England have given him some comfort and courage, and the knowledge that many in England are trying to find his relations has also cheered him. Here is part of a letter from him, written with a simple eloquence that goes straight to the heart:—

How happy I am to receive a letter from one who spares no trouble to restore the happiness and the courage of a forlorn Belgian soldier. It is impossible for me to express my thanks on paper: gladly would I meet my benefactor—perhaps I shall have that good fortune some day.

With regard to my illness, the attacks are diminishing. The Doctor is so good to me—it is impossible to describe how good. He says he will cure my illness. In about eight days he will perhaps discharge me as convalescent—that would be all right if I knew where to go. But I have no one here whom I know. I am here also with a comrade who stood by me in the Inn at Antwerp when I fell unconscious, and it is him I have to thank for being in England, for 10 minutes before the boat left I fell, and when I came to myself the boat had gone. We then wandered about for two days, and at last we got on board a collier, which landed us in England, where we were splendidly received.

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

Therefore I do not want to desert my friend, because he risked his own life for mine.

If only you could find some place for us, dear benefactor, where we could do some light work, it would be such a comfort. The Doctor has promised I shall get better, and I am so happy about it.

I can hardly realise my marvellous good fortune in having found in England a friend who tries every means to obtain news of those I love and for whom my heart longs. Therefore, dear benefactor, your letters shall remain in my possession for ever as a token of one whom I shall never forget, and I hope to have the happiness of showing them to my wife and family some day.

Yours respectfully,

ALFRED VON BUNDEREN.*

Long live England!

The more one sees of the Belgian refugees, the more one admires their patient courage. The cruel enemy has robbed them of all that makes life happy, and yet as Martin Luther, the great German teacher, said, in the words that head this chapter, "yet is their profit small." Luther little thought when he wrote those words centuries ago that they would so well describe the evil deeds of his country men. The Belgians have lost all, and yet is the profit of the Germans small, for they cannot kill the undaunted spirit that lives in the hearts of the people and of their gallant King. King Albert has fought side by side with his men in the trenches. Some of the Belgian refugees tell that he is dressed like an ordinary soldier. One day he fought from morning to evening in the trenches, and the men did not recognize him. At last, at the close of the day, when the enemy's attack slackened, he called for water

* Since this book was begun the soldier has had news of his wife and other relations, and a comfortable temporary home has been found for him.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

for the men, and then they recognised the King in the comrade who had fought shoulder to shoulder with them all day. No wonder the Belgians would go through fire and water for their King.

From prince to peasant the Belgians have proved themselves a brave people. One story among many deserves telling. It was given by one of our own soldiers. It was at Mons. The soldiers were crouched under a big wall in one of the main streets, and the shells of the German guns were tearing down houses. Suddenly a woman and a little boy appeared carrying two large jugs of coffee for the soldiers. The woman passed up and down the line three times with coffee and bread and butter, and all the time the shells were screaming over her head. While she was giving the men the coffee, a shell struck her own house and destroyed it utterly. All she had left in the world were two coffee jugs and six little basins. But she did not weep and wail. She finished serving the soldiers. "That is the sort of woman there is in Belgium," said the soldier who told the story—"as brave as can be."*

No King and no people have been more sorely tried than those of Belgium, and yet they still have faith and hope. They know that they have fought in a glorious cause.

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

* *Birmingham Daily Mail.*

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The beautiful churches and cathedrals of Belgium stand for the temples of the pagan gods that the Romans worshipped. Alas! the Belgians have not been able to save their churches and cities from the merciless hand of the German. I can still see the grief and horror on the face of the locksmith of Malines, as he told me of the destruction of the cathedral. Still in the heart of the bruised and broken people of Belgium faith remains that in the end the cruel German will be driven back and conquered. "Rebellion to a tyrant is obedience to God."

All honour to the brave little nation. We must comfort and help to the utmost the strangers within our gates—the sorely-tried refugees—and in the fulness of time when the war is over, and as we hope and believe the power of Germany will be broken, it must be our aim and care to help Belgium regain once more her lost prosperity, to make it once again a rich and smiling land.



Photo]

THE RALLY TO THE FLAG.
Troops from Overseas march through London.

[Central News

THE RALLY TO THE FLAG.

THE RALLY TO THE FLAG.

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in—
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.

* * * *

Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee—
Hear, for thy children speak from the uttermost parts of the sea.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Song of the English."

IN the wonderful tale of the help offered to Great Britain when the war began, India has been given first place because her people are of another race—because they are not our kinsfolk.

The whole world was startled by her glorious loyalty. By one message India swept away all the rumours of her wish to escape from us—and silenced our enemies.

But no less splendid are the offers of the Dominions and the Colonies, no less do our hearts throb at the amazing gifts they are showering on the Mother Country. Only, they are of our own blood—we knew in our hearts that they would stand by us in time of danger.

The day came. Across the wires flashed the messages—North, South, East and West—"Great Britain is at war." Picture it to yourselves. The news travels to every corner of the Empire. To the wheat field of Canada—to the wild shores of Newfoundland—to the rolling plains and blue hills of South Africa—to the lonely bush of Australia—to the farms of New Zealand—to the

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palm-fringed beaches of Ceylon and Malay—to the sandy wastes of Egypt—to many a lonely island in the southern seas. And in answer to the message, thousands and tens of thousands cried as one man—"We will help."

There was never a minute's hesitation. To most of the Dominions and Colonies the war meant severe losses. Trade with Germany was at a standstill. Hard times might be ahead. But there was never a selfish thought. "Great Britain is at war in a good cause," they said. "She has helped to make us what we are. We will repay the debt a hundredfold."

Listen to the wonderful tale of South Africa. Thirteen years ago we were at war with the Boers in South Africa, and after a fierce struggle we won. Then in our own way we set to work to make friends of our former enemies, and in 1913, so good was the feeling between us that we said "Rule yourselves now."

Germany shook her head. Her idea is to keep by the sword what is won by the sword. But our way has proved the right one. When war broke out, South Africa offered to defend herself with her own troops led by Boer commanders, so that Great Britain could recall her troops stationed in South Africa to help at home. We knew that the Germans had always plotted against us in South Africa—there was danger afoot. But gladly we accepted the offer. General Botha, the great Boer leader, once our deadly enemy, now our true friend, offered to lead the troops in person. And his offer was soon put to the test. Certain Boer Generals went over to the Germans. General Botha



GENERAL JOFFRE,

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army in the Western Theatre.

(Photo Stanley Press Agency.)

GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH,

Commander-in-Chief of The British Expeditionary Force.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELlicoe,

Admiral of the British Fleet.

(Photos British & Foreign.)

THE RALLY TO THE FLAG.

set out hot foot after them and routed them. With him went General Viljoen, one of those who fought fiercely against us in the old days. He is too old to fight now, he says, but he would go with the forces and do something for England, if it were only to make coffee for the commando. Does it not thrill every Briton, young or old, to belong to a nation that can thus turn enemies into friends? The thought of the fine old Boer General brings the same catch in one's throat that came at the offer from India's proud princes.

South Africa has taken a heavy burden from Great Britain's shoulders. Now listen to the brave doings of the other Dominions and Colonies.

Canada is the Dominion nearest to our shores, and no greater wave of loyalty has swept over any land than over Canada when war broke out. Those who were there at the time say it stirred them to the heart. Canada is one of our self-governing Dominions. We won her from the French in the eighteenth century, but since then French and British have settled down side by side. French-Canadians and English-Canadians are fighting for us and many settlers—English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh—flocked to help the Mother Country. A full division—22,000 men—comes from Canada, and another is in the making. The troops come complete with engineers, signallers, transport corps, field hospitals, chaplains and nurses. They even brought with them a number of different animals—regimental pets—and a little newsboy who had made up his mind to come

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and help. He smuggled himself on board and they turned him into a bugler on the way to England. Two war vessels besides has Canada offered and a million sacks of flour, while each State sends some gift besides. Truly this is princely help.

And Australia is no whit behind. She sends 20,000 men, and more to follow, and she lends us her whole Navy. That is a fine offer, for with Australia's help we are able to guard the seas so that the food ships plying to and fro can reach our shores in safety.

It was H.M.A.S. "Sydney" that removed the "Emden," terror of the Eastern seas. For ten weeks the "Emden" dashed hither and thither like a Will-o'-the-wisp. Twenty-three British ships she sunk; two million pounds of merchandise and shipping she sent to the bottom of the sea. She was the most serious menace to our trade routes that Germany had yet produced. Now she was off Madras; now off Ceylon; now she ran into Penang Harbour disguised with a fourth funnel, sunk a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer, and was off before anyone could settle with her. But at last the "Sydney" caught her off Cocos Island and put an end to her marauding. The "Sydney" dealt with a foe worthy of her, for the German Commander of the "Emden," Captain von Müller, was spoken of as a gallant and courteous officer, even by those he captured. One boat he spared altogether because there was a lady on board; on another occasion he allowed the Burma mails on a captured boat to be saved, because it was represented to him that people would be so worried at



Photo.]

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH LORD KITCHENER
visit the Canadian Highlanders on Salisbury Plain.

[Central News

THE RALLY TO THE FLAG.

this time if they did not hear from their relations. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner of Australia, wrote regarding the "Emden":—"One good thing about the 'Emden' and her treatment of the ships she captured is that it shows there are two kinds of Germans alive, and I thank God for the better kind. We have no feeling of hatred for gallant and noble foes, and our earnest hope and prayer is that a large number of these gallant sailors have been rescued."

If Australia had done nothing more to help us than the capture of the "Emden," we should still owe her a great debt, but Australia has said she will assist us with men and food and ships for so long as we need them, and throughout the vast country men and women are helping with all their heart and soul.

First in the field was New Zealand with an offer of help. Before war was declared—when trouble was brewing—New Zealand cabled that if the need came she would send us the utmost help—ten thousand men to begin with. Then the Maoris, the native inhabitants of New Zealand whom we conquered long years ago, offered to fight for us. Once again we find our old enemies have become our friends. A fine race are the Maoris—born fighters—and Great Britain gladly accepted 200 of them for service in Egypt.

Newfoundland sends 1000 men from her foggy rock-bound shore—men used to hardship and danger. So is it with all who come from the Colonies. They are men used to fend for themselves, used to living under the open sky, able to shoot, and cook, and ride—men who

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have fought against the forces of Nature. They are the stuff of which fine soldiers are made.

Read now of the other gifts that have been lavished on the Mother Country. It reads like a fairy tale. The magician waves his wand and hey presto! all the treasures of the wide world are poured out for us.

From the spice island of Ceylon come a million pounds of tea, gathered on her green mountain sides; from the valleys of Mauritius a million pounds of sugar for the Navy, a million pounds for the Army; from the wide plains of Alberta, five hundred thousand bushels of oats; from Quebec, four million pounds of cheese; from Prince Edward Island, a hundred thousand bushels of oats and quantities of cheese and hay; from the grass lands of Saskatchewan, 1,500 horses; from New Brunswick, a hundred thousand bushels of potatoes; from British Columbia with her silver streams, twenty-five thousand cases of salmon; from Manitoba, fifty thousand bags of flour; from Australia, a thousand gallons of port wine for the wounded soldiers, and huge stores of butter, beef, and bacon; from the West Indies, large sums of money and stores of sugar; from Southern Rhodesia, quantities of maize: from British Guiana, large stores of sugar; from the Leeward and the Falkland Islands, large sums of money. And even now the tale is not told. Still the gifts come.

Look out on the map each country and each island that sends these wondrous gifts. Then you will never forget what the Dominions and the Colonies did for England in the day that she needed help. Unasked the

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gifts came out of open hands and full hearts. Remember the tens of thousands of men who left their homes to suffer danger and death for our sakes. The maple leaf—the emblem of Canada—was flaming scarlet in the forests when the Canadians left home; the sweet-scented wattle—the flower of Australia—the golden broom of New Zealand, will bloom and bloom again before the Australians and the New Zealanders see their own lands once more—many of them may never return.

There is nothing we can give to make up for their self-sacrifice—nothing but our love and thankfulness. But the noble deeds of the sons of the Empire will be handed down from generation to generation—the memory of their sacrifice will be kept green.

In “England’s Answer” Rudyard Kipling has prophesied what is happening in the Empire to-day—the call of the Motherland, the answer of her sons from the uttermost parts of the earth:—

Also we will make promise. So long as the blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that my strength is
yours;

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.

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THE CALL TO ARMS.

PRO REGE NOSTRO.

What have I done for you, England, my England?
What is there I would not do, England, my own?

* * * *

They call you proud and hard, England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward, England, my own !

* * * *

Ever the faith endures, England, my England,
Take and break us, we are yours, England, my own.

W. E. HENLEY.

Now all the youth of England is on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

SHAKESPEARE'S "King Henry V."

"**W**HAT are you doing in England?" wrote an Englishwoman in Sweden during the earlier stages of the war. "We hear of football and racing going on as usual.

You will never conquer the desperately-thorough and absolutely-prepared Teuton in that way."

THE reproach may have been merited then. Even now, unfortunately, football and racing have not been abandoned. but on the other hand we have largely redeemed our character for indifference. One can even now see the difficulty of rousing an island population, and one cannot wholly blame them for their sublime sense of security. It was possible when the war had been raging for three weeks to motor through seventy miles of smiling English country in the glorious late September



Photo]

THE CALL TO ARMS.

"Your King and Country need you."

Recruits entraining at Birmingham, one of the chief recruiting centres.

[Birmingham Daily News

THE CALL TO ARMS.

sunshine and see no sign of war, except a few uninspiring black and white posters on police stations and blank walls announcing to the rustic "Your King and Country need you." Along miles and miles of country only a stray figure in khaki struck any note of the struggle that is going on. It was wonderful that such inadequate means could stir the imagination and fire the enthusiasm of any yokel. The very papers that he read contained few mentions of gallant deeds—mere cut-and-dried accounts of days and weeks of hardships in the trenches, sandwiched between football and racing news.

And yet in spite of all difficulties we have raised an Army of a million men—men from all classes, men with vast fortunes, men without a shilling in their pockets—men from the shop, the stage, the factory, the University, the office desk—from inglorious ease or from unceasing toil—all have come forward at the call. And every man that is still wanted will come, if only the vital significance of Lord Kitchener's words can be made clear to him: "I shall want more men, and still more, till the enemy is crushed."

Now, and not later—now, and not a month hence, the men are needed. There is all the training before the new recruit; the longer he hesitates, the longer is prolonged this most devastating war, the greater the sacrifice of life. No man worthy of the name could stay in comfort and safety when once he feels that he is allowing other men to suffer for him, to fight for him, to die for him.

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Never in the history of the world has a greater task been set than the making of a great army while a war is in progress. Up and down the length and breadth of Britain you can see men drilling all day and every day. You can hear the measured step of the recruits as they swing by. You can see them, keen-eyed and earnest, in the London parks and squares, once given over to nursemaids and children; in the quiet streets of country towns; along the streets of London and the great manufacturing towns of Britain—everywhere is the tramping of their feet. Everywhere “the youth of England” is on fire, and those who still lag will catch the spark of enthusiasm from those who are already soldiers in the making.

The stories of our men fighting day after day in the trenches, torn by shell, now waist deep in water, now half frozen by the snow, undaunted, indomitable, cheerful, joking in the face of death and danger—the stories of Mons, of the Aisne, of the Yser—they call with an irresistible call the man from his desk, his books, his fireside, his love.

And the women of Britain are helping. In Parliament testimony was borne to their splendid courage and unselfishness. Not by the wicked folly of presenting white feathers—fortunately only a few took part in such actions—but by encouraging, cheering and working for their men, thousands of women of the Empire are doing their part. They send their dear ones forth with a smile in the midst of tears. It is often the hardest part to sit at home and wait—women in many cases

THE CALL TO ARMS.

have that part to play. It is one of the finest tasks to do it well, to keep the light of the home burning brightly till the dear one, God willing, returns. Truly says James Douglas in his "Nation of Mothers" in the *London Daily News*: "Our new Army owes more than can ever be guessed to the simple heroism of motherhood. These young men who march in long columns through our London streets are tied to their mother's heart-strings. It is their country that cries 'Come!' but it is their mothers who cry 'Go!'"

The glory is both to those who set forth to make the sacrifice and to those mothers, wives and sweet-hearts who with aching hearts "stand and wait." Both in their own way have answered the call to arms, the supreme summons that cannot be disregarded. It is all expressed in one sentence spoken by a doctor who had been wounded, but was anxious to return to his work at the front:—"Not because the front is exactly pleasant, but because being away from it is just impossible."

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"FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN."

"May the great God Whom I worship grant to my country for the benefit of Europe in general a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct of anyone tarnish it. And may humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British Fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him Who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me. Amen. Amen. Amen."

NELSON'S Last Words before hoisting the Signal.

Trafalgar, Oct. 21st, 1805.

"Let us always have this feeling in our hearts, that after the war is over people shall not only admire our victory, but they shall say we fought like gentlemen."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S SPEECH on *Sept. 11th, 1914.*

EVERY man, woman, and child should learn by heart the words that head this page. Nelson's signal to his men has come down to us as a by-word, "England expects every man to do his duty," and the words of his prayer before hoisting the Signal deserve to be equally famous.

The Navy is upholding to-day the glorious name it won through Drake, Frobisher, Blake and Nelson.

Terrible has been the strain on our "majestic and invisible grand Fleet"—magnificent has been the work it has done. It is the Fleet that has enabled us to continue our daily life; it is the Fleet that brings the sense of safety to us which to the outside world appears indifference. It is a feeling that has come down to us



Photo]

"OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE."

Central News



Photo]

RUSSIAN TROOPS IN GALICIA.

(Note the peculiar Bread Cakes carried on a skewer by the soldier on the right of the picture.)

[Central News

“FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN.”

through generations, voiced in quaint manner in *The Libel* (i.e. little book) of *English Policy* (published about 1436).*

Keep then the sea about in special
Which of England is the town-wall,
As though England were likened to a city,
And the wall environ† were the sea.
Keep then the sea that is the wall of England,
And then is England kept by God's hand,
That is for anything that is without
England were at ease without doubt.

To-day England is at ease because the Fleet keeps “the sea that is the wall of England,” and the ships plying along the trade routes with all we need for our daily wants are free to come and go. The Fleet keeps watch and ward while our troops are being poured into France; the Fleet keeps an ever-open eye for the enemy by night and day.

The hardships of our soldiers are greater than pen can describe; our sailors are also bearing their full share. Many hundreds of brave men have been lost through the submarine and the mine, the ever-present danger which may lurk beneath every ship afloat. There is the ceaseless watching, the strain of waiting, the longing for the enemy “to come out.” The day of the Fleet will come—the day when in a great sea-fight, as we fervently hope and believe, Admiral Jellicoe will add to the glorious story of our Navy the crowning chapter.

*T. Wright. *Political Poems and Songs* (Rolls Series).

†Surrounding.

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One of the finest passages in Nelson's prayer is: "And may humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British Fleet." We know that this is the spirit of the Navy to-day. After the fight in Heligoland Bight, even the Germans admitted that "The British, without stopping to consider their own danger, sent out lifeboats to save our men."

We want to keep this spirit before our eyes. We hear from many sides that the Germans do not "fight like gentlemen." For even in the horrible business of war there are rules which have been laid down not only by the law of nations, but also by a certain "unwritten law" which springs from the right feeling in mankind.

Now, however much the Germans may break these laws, however cruelly they may behave, we have to see to it that we never "pay them back in their own coin." Everyone should resolve never to take part even in certain wild talk one hears of "What we will do to the Germans when we conquer them." We all feel a burning anger at the horrible deeds of Germany, we all unite in hatred of the Kaiser and his counsellors, who have plunged Europe into war, and have turned happy homes into smoking ruins, and have caused thousands and thousands to lay down their lives. But for the nation they have led astray, for the soldiers mown down in tens of thousands—"cannon fodder" as some of their brutal countrymen call them—for the sorrowing wives and mothers, we have pity. It is not for us to indulge in cheap and vulgar threats as to what we will do to the Germans when we have them in our power.

"FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN."

We who have to stay at home and do ordinary everyday things and leave great and stirring deeds to others, we have still fine work to do. We can think and talk "like gentlemen." On sea and on land our brave soldiers and sailors are fighting fiercely for ourselves and for our Allies, laying down their lives, bearing untold hardships and suffering so that victory may be ours and Germany may be conquered. And when the day of victory comes, they will not wantonly destroy fair cities and peaceful villages, but they will make an end of Germany's terrible machinery of war—the great works at Essen where the death-dealing guns are made. We are not seeking for more power, for more land, or for revenge. We only desire to bring peace to Europe for ever, and liberty for each nation, great or small, to dwell securely in her own land.

A young cavalry officer wrote from the front:

"It's a great war, whatever. Isn't it luck for me to have been born so as I'd be just the right age and just in the right place?"*

At first sight the words may seem strange, but there is a meaning underlying them. It is a terrible war that we are waging. No words can describe the misery and the awfulness of it all. It ought never to have taken place, and if we could have helped it, there would be no war to-day. But on the other hand it is a "great war." The young cavalry officer was

* Quoted in *The Times*.

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right. It is a "great war" because it is fought by Right against Might.

There are great deeds to be done in the world to-day, great work to be done, and many who are old sigh because they were not born at the right time, so that they might be "just the right age and just in the right place." In spite of all the horror of it, all the lives lost, we yet can see the beginning of a new life. It can only be a "great war" if it is the end of all wars. Before the war many of us felt the world was going wrong. Everything was too comfortable for some people, too uncomfortable for others—luxury on the one hand, discontent on the other. Now rich and poor, old and young are roused up. There is work for all to do, everyone is ready to make some sacrifice. Everyone can do a small share towards helping those who are suffering from the war—and it will be the task of those who are young to-day to keep burning the flame of unselfishness that the war has kindled—one of the good things that is shining out from all the evil.

We look forward to the great and glorious victory that Nelson saw. "And may no misconduct of anyone tarnish it," should be our prayer as it was his over a century ago. Then indeed may Great Britain and her Allies hope to bring to the world a splendid and a lasting Peace.

THE END.



[Central News

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS.

"I am and propose to quit yourselves like
men, for the time of your ordeal has come."

Lord Roberts in the *Hibbert Journal*.

"THE LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE."

"The League of the Empire."

Written by a Member of the League.

THERE is a delightful ring about the phrase, "The League of the Empire." It symbolises a body of men, women and children all over the world, different it may be in ideas, in character, and in talents, yet alike in their devoted attachment to the Motherland. On the prairies / or in Western Canada, in the Australian Bush, on the South African veldt and in the loyal British West Indies, in the Home, and, wherever the Flag of the Empire waves, the League has its circle of members who are ever ready to work for the welfare of the Empire; and when in some remote and solitary outpost two Leaguers chance to meet they greet one another as brothers. The League was established to promote patriotism and to foster friendship between all those who owed allegiance to the Mother Country. It realised that the impressions of childhood were very deeply rooted, and it therefore sought to make the children of the Empire understand and appreciate the mighty heritage that was theirs, and help in keeping its honour lofty and unsullied. The Comrade Correspondence Branch, founded in 1901, now numbers some 27,000 members all over the world. Young people in different parts of the Empire are put into communication with each other, and thus a personal intimacy is

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established, and interest is awakened in new countries and new modes of life. The whole Empire is linked by the silken tie of friendship which will grow even stronger as the young correspondents grow older. Schools, as well as scholars, have been brought in touch with each other, an arrangement which won the warm approval of Mr. Chamberlain when he was at the Colonial Office.

The League has also done much to forward Empire Day Celebrations throughout the Empire, and in 1908 it carried out the first public Empire Day Parade in London, a function which has now become an annual event. Lord Roberts on more than one occasion showed his keen interest in this demonstration by receiving the Salute from the thousands of boys and girls drawn up in military fashion in Hyde Park. What a picturesque scene it was! The gallant veteran, the hero of a hundred fights, the best beloved of England's great men, watching with fatherly interest the future men and women who were learning to be loyal citizens of the Empire he loved and served so well. Lord Roberts' interest in the League was still further shown by his *Message to the Children of the Empire on the War*, written especially for and published by the League of the Empire. Cards (12½ × 9½ inches, price 2d.) containing this message, with portrait of Lord Roberts and facsimile autograph, and the flags of the Allies in colour, have been sent in large quantities to all parts of the Empire. The death of Lord Roberts has added a new interest and significance to his last words to

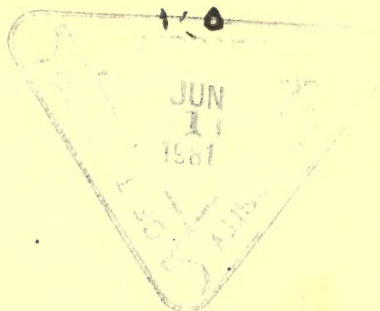
"THE LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE."

children, and the card is likely to be a cherished possession long after its owner has ceased to be a child.

Since the outbreak of the war the League has shown its practical patriotism by devoting much of its energy to looking after the comfort of the men who are defending the Empire. Members have been lavish of their time and money, and huge consignments have already been sent to the front and to the hospitals.

This is not the place to describe the educational work of the League, though a brief reference may be made to the Annual Imperial Conference on Education (in 1916, by invitation of the Government of Ontario, the Meeting will take place in Toronto), to the series of Imperial History Books published by the League, to the Club in Westminster which serves as a centre for all interested in Imperial affairs, and to the *Federal Magazine*, devoted to matters of Imperial concern, and containing a section of special interest to young people.

The Honorary Secretary, League of the Empire, 28, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W., will be glad to send further particulars and forms of application to those interested in the work of the League.



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